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## His Daily Prayer



"I confidently hope the wonderful achievements of all classes of the nation will be crowned by such a peace as the German business classes need for their continued healthy development. God give us His aid."

—Extract from the Kaiser's message to the national congress of mercantile employees of Germany.

## "The Paradise of the Rich Is Made of the Hell of the Poor"

—VICTOR HUGO

Not Entirely—And Not As Much So As It Used to Be.

"Your duty requires you to make a public statement concerning the works of Victor Hugo," says a reader, and adds that modern life fears the truths that Hugo told. He wants to know why we don't write an editorial on Victor Hugo's phrase, "The paradise of the rich is made out of the hell of the poor."

By "the paradise of the rich" Victor Hugo meant the comfort, luxuries, freedom from care, known to the rich and unknown to the poor.

It is well to remember the wrongs inflicted upon the poor.

It is well also to think as accurately as possible, and to remember that comfort and happiness are based upon HUMAN INTELLIGENCE, far more than upon helpless poverty. For instance:

In India you might see a rajah sleeping, and a miserable slave awake all night moving the "punkah," or fan, to keep the air moving.

There the misery of all night labor inflicted on a poor man gives pleasant sleep to a rich man.

But in the American Pullman car, in July, the commercial traveler sleeps by night and eats by day—and an electric fan, representing human intelligence, keeps the air moving, and nobody suffers.

Intelligence using electricity, hitching it to a fan, takes the place of the poor slave toiling all night.

When the Queen of Sheba went to see Solomon, a camel probably carried her jolting on his back. And slaves ran beside her keeping off the flies, tiring themselves out.

Later, in fashionable Paris, the rich man going to his dinner was carried in a Sedan chair, with poorly paid human beings, running and carrying the weight of his body.

There, the comfort of the rich was based upon the discomfort of the poor.

But today the prosperous gentleman rolls along in a large limousine car, on the air which fills rubber tires.

A chauffeur, paid a hundred dollars or more per month, well clothed and well fed, turns a little wheel.

Human intelligence makes a machine weighing five thousand pounds ride on air, makes the explosion of a small quantity of gas in a cylinder move the carriage, allows wealth to continue enjoying itself, and frees poverty from suffering.

Incidentally the little car that costs a trifle per day, gives to the small man his share of the luxury of the rich—including a self-cranking device to keep him from breaking his arm.

In tropical countries, slaves brought down snow and ice from the mountain tops to cool the drinks of their masters.

Now, a cheap little refrigerating device, run by a small engine, supplies ice and ice cold water—and even the poorest workman drinks it.

In ancient days the "paradise of the rich" was often attacked and abruptly ended by disease—as when all the courtiers and friends, including the most intimate lady friend of poor Louis the Fifteenth, ran away from him when he lay dying of smallpox. Or, as when the Black Death struck Europe, and killed half of the people, taking rich and poor alike.

Human intelligence, understanding the fight against disease, has improved that condition for rich and poor alike.

Fortunately for the world, the number of those that enjoy luxury or comparative luxury is constantly increasing. And the extent to which the happiness of a few is based on the torment of many is diminishing every day.

Queen Elizabeth had a thousand dresses, but no bath tub. The workingman's wife hasn't a thousand dresses, but she can have at a low rental her flat with a porcelain tub—the tub worth more than the dresses.

The public parks open to all are finer than the private park of any man. Knowledge which once was in the possession of a few, carefully kept from the poor, is now open to all.

The great thought of all great men, and all the truths of science are free to rich and poor alike in the public libraries.

The pity is that rich and poor show comparatively little interest as yet in this new supply of wealth that costs nothing.

It is a good thing to stimulate all human beings to earnest thought, just protest and wise dissatisfaction.

But it is not wise to tell any man, rich or poor, that his troubles are all based on the crimes or heartlessness of somebody else, that he is a virtuous being without faults, and would be absolutely happy, if somebody would kindly get off his back.

The world needs improvement. The rich are selfishly stupid—and so are the poor.

The man that solves a great problem now, demands several useless millions—the African savage that kills the threatening lion demands several useless wives. It is wise to give the millions to the American savage that he may do his best, and wise to give the large collection of wives to the African savage that he may do his best.

After awhile men will produce their best work without demanding the right to have more than they can use, or the privilege of ruining their children by leaving them that which they will spend foolishly.

To study the works of Victor Hugo should be part of (Continued in Last Column.)

## Which Way Can You Turn Most Aptly?

If Done More Easily to the Left Than to the Right There Are Many Subtle Influences That May Explain the Peculiarity, and Among Them, at Least Theoretically, Is the Rotation of the Earth on Its Axis.

By Garrett P. Serviss

"Here is a question that I have had in mind a long time. Why is it easier to make a left turn than a right? I have noticed that all race courses turn to the left, and I find I can turn much easier to the left when running than to the right. I also remember a racehorse that would slow up on making a right turn.—C. A. P., Chicago."

IF IT were strictly true that "all race courses turn to the left" much force would be added to your suggestion of some subtle cause underlying the preference for that direction of turning which you have noticed. I learn, however, from the New York Jockey Club that while it has been customary in this country, up to the present, for race courses to turn to the left, yet it is not an invariable rule, and on the great Belmont Park track the turn is made to the right. By the same authority I am informed that "in England and foreign countries they race to the right, the left, and straightaway, and the tracks are in all conceivable shapes."

It is likely then, that the habit of the racehorse that you knew, of always slowing up on making a right turn, was the result of a long education in racing on tracks having the left-hand turn, so that if he had been trained on the Belmont track, for instance, he would have acquired exactly the opposite peculiarity, hesitating when required to turn to the left. I believe that it is also customary, in this country, for athletic race courses to turn to the left. If that be so, anyone who has been trained to run in his school days would retain a preference for the left-hand turn.

At the same time, there is undoubtedly a time-honored tradition that left-hand turning is instinctive with all men. It is well known that a person lost in a great forest, or where there are no landmarks to guide him, almost invariably travels in a circle, in spite of all his efforts to go straight ahead, and that he also habitually turns to the left. I was once lost in the Adirondack woods, and although I was well acquainted with the tradition, and deliberately tried to make a straight course,

and kept cool, yet to my astonishment, and indeed to my amusement and that of my friends, I managed to travel in a circle, and I remember that that circle turned to the left around the camp I was trying to find. It has often been suggested that the cause of the circling to the left may be found in bodily peculiarities, generally shared by all men, such as right-handedness, or a slight difference in the length, or vigor, of the right and left legs. If there is a cause of this kind operating I would suggest that it may arise from the situation of the heart on the left of the median line of the body. It is conceivable that this one-

## "IF"

By RALPH FRYE.

If every careless cent that's thrown away,  
Cast out in whimsey, with no thought of gain,  
By You and Me and Him and Her each day,  
To be forgotten, or recalled in vain  
Could be restored to us again, perchance  
They would rebuild one hundred towns in France.

If every heedless dollar by You and Me  
And all our Friends and Neighbors passed about,  
Carelessly scattered in the marts to buy  
Things we were four-fold happier without,  
Could by some miracle return to hand,  
They would, alone, restore a stricken land.

If every thoughtless dream which You and I,  
Wandering in fancy in a fairy land,  
Build into flimsy castles in the sky,  
Rear into needless towers on every hand,  
Could be translated into deeds, by chance  
They'd rehabilitate the whole of France.

## Once Overs

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You had a little dispute this morning before you left home, and all day you have been harboring bad thoughts.

Several mean things which you might have said have coursed through your mind; they have left an impression which will remain for some time.

If you are foolish enough to continue to think of the affair until you reach home again, you may actually speak the words which have kept you stirred up to such an angry pitch today.

If not then uttered, the next heated discussion may bring them out with doubled vehemence.

How foolish, cruel, and unjust of you to be led by the evil in you. These ugly thoughts have taken the life and interest out of your work.

The sunshine has no beauty, no inspiration for you today, and more than likely you have communicated that villainous spirit to every one with whom you have come in contact, and all for nothing.

Why spoil a whole day rather than to forgive and forget the irritable things which roused your ire this morning?

## Be Fair to Government Clerks

Having Failed Signally to Improve the Civil Service, Congress Should Have a Conscientious Moment and Get Busy.

By EARL GODWIN.

The Borland amendment is unfair. It is unjust. It is unscientific.

It is an imposition, not a reform. It is a piece of political trickery, designed by the author to re-elect himself.

What should be enacted is a general revision of the civil service. There is always a desultory commission or committee at work somewhere trying to bring about a reform in the civil service, but nothing ever happens. Meantime private employment marches ahead, getting better and better results from its employees because it continually improves the conditions under which its employees work.

This Government is a queer bit of patchwork in certain conspicuous places. It can sever the continents of a hemisphere and join two oceans for the betterment of world trade, and yet sometimes cannot treat its own employees as fairly as a housewife treats her general maid of all work. It employs the finest statisticians in the world to work out charts to show the leaps of living costs, and then refuses to pay its clerks enough money to meet the leaps. It pays tens of thousands of dollars to ascertain the proper civil service reform, and the proper retirement plan, and then allows itself to be balked by a group of politicians.

The failure to treat the Government employee fairly is directly due to the fact that Washington is VOTELESS. No sincere Congressman would hit a VOTELESS community with an unfair proposition like the Borland amendment; any more than a brave man would hit a man whose hands are tied.

The Borland move is reactionary. It asks men and women to work more without an increase in pay. No man has ever fathered a reactionary move without suffering for it eventually, so there may be some comfort in that.

Congress, having failed signally to treat Government employees properly, should have a conscientious moment some day and actually get to work to reform the civil service. That WOULD be doing something valuable for the country.

## HEARD AND SEEN

DR. LOUIS ZINKHAN had quite a successful coming out party at the fall yesterday.

JOHN CROWN and infant were Sunday car riders.

I see by the papers CLARENCE WILSON is going to stop egg rolling this Easter, and I wonder if Clarence recognizes that some eggs are fit only for rolling purposes.

MAJOR Z. L. POTTER dropped in the other day. He's the man the Government has chosen to settle the housing problem, and, believe me, he has a man's size job.

One of his aides, JULIUS PEYSER, came along with him. If you don't know Mr. Peyser you are entirely unknown yourself.

A. J. DRISCOLL has a brilliant idea; and it's no more nor less than this: The Washington, Baltimore and Annapolis road, which uses our streets as a railroad terminal instead of buying itself a regular station, ought to let people into their cars as soon as possible. Just at present, you buy your ticket and then wait for a car to come along. Meantime the car is down at Fifteenth and New York avenues. People might as well be allowed on the car there, as it would save the rough-house which always occurs when a gang tries to get on all at once at Fourteenth street and New York avenue.

JOHN A. BEELER has improved the street car service. He has done things the private owners of the road never dreamed of.

And remember, Mr. Beeler was brought here by the local government. Government ownership never had a better argument.

I went over to the New National Museum to see my old friend, CHARLES NESBITT, once superintendent of insurance for the District of Columbia and now commissioner of military and naval insurance. He is the Government's choice of a man to head the greatest insurance project on earth.

In the same room with him I found "BILL" HALL and FRED LEE, former District building men.

I saw Henry E. Davis one day last week. He's looking like a fighting cock, believe me.

## "The Paradise of the Rich Is Made of the Hell of the Poor"—Victor Hugo

(Continued from First Column.)

any intelligent man's education.

Read his "Notre Dame de Paris" for a wonderful description of old, picturesque life in France.

Read, of course, if you haven't read, "Les Miserables," which is in itself almost a complete literature. Read as a gruesome study of social conditions, his "L'homme qui rit"—The Man That Laughs.

And for an early and most interesting view of Hugo's genius at its beginning, read his "Hans of Iceland," written when he was only a boy.

The famous speech of the barricade represents Hugo's greatness. His sympathy for the suffering poor is perhaps best expressed in his poem that begins:

Dans vos fetes d'hiver, riches heureux du monde,  
Quand le bal tournoyant de ses feux vous inonde,

Pensez vous qu'il est la, dans le givre et la neige  
Le pere sans travail que la famine assiege.

Hugo was a genius, but he was not by any means worthy our reader's description as "the greatest and most far-seeing of all men."

He would be better described as a powerful, earnest, courageous man, the best type of the French "bourgeois."

He enjoyed excitement and defied authority in youth, enjoyed adulation, and appreciated himself hugely in old age. As regards literary genius, you could no more compare him with Villon of ancient France, or Moliere of the great French period, than you could compare the Queen of Sheba's camel with a modern flying machine.

One of Hugo's weaknesses and limitations appeared in such phrases as "the paradise of the rich is made out of the hell of the poor."

If he had been wiser he would have said, "Intelligence rules, in its lower forms it is cruel, in its higher forms it is generous. Earth will eventually be made a paradise for the human race which will know neither rich nor poor, thanks to intelligence and its accomplishments."

It is not rendering any service to the poor to tell them that they are without fault and that all the trouble is with those that happen to have more money because they are less virtuous.

Prosperity is often based upon dishonesty, on cunning or trickery.

It is also very often based on superior intelligence.

Poverty is based some times on virtue, or unselfishness, self-sacrifice.

It is also, unfortunately, based sometimes on ignorance, indifference, lack of energy and dissipation.